MARVEL COMICS

the SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN®

TYPHOID MASSACRE!™

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THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

BITTEN BY A RADIOACTIVE SPIDER, STUDENT PETER PARKER GAINED THE PROPORTIONATE STRENGTH AND AGILITY OF AN ARACHNID! ARMED WITH HIS WONDROUS WEB-SHOOTERS, THE RELUCTANT SUPER HERO STRUGGLES WITH SINISTER SUPER-VILLAINS, MAKING ENDS MEET, AND MAINTAINING SOME SEMBLANCE OF A NORMAL LIFE!

STAN LEE PRESENTS: THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN!

typhoid attack

PART ONE OF TWO

by ANN NOCENTI WRITER | JAMES FRY PENCILS | S. BUSCEMA & RAMOS INKS | ROBINS & KROL LETTERS | CHI-CHIA WANG COLORS

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DAWN COMES RELUCTANTLY AS IF THE NIGHT PAST RESISTS A NEW MORNING, SO DARK IT WAS...

AN EARLY LIGHT DOES BREAK THROUGH THE ROILING, TURGID SKY--SENDING THE SECRETS OF THE NOCTURNE SCURRYING...

HARD TO BELIEVE THIS EXHAUSTED, TATTERED MAN WHO STINKS OF OIL, GARBAGE, AND EVERY SOILED SMELL OF THE STREETS...

...HARD TO IMAGINE HE COULD HAVE A JOB, A WIFE, A HOME, RESPONSIBILITIES...

BUT HE DOES, SOMEWHERE...

SIRENS. COPS. ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER CRIME.

WHAT A NIGHT. I STOPPED SO MANY MUGGINGS AND THEFTS AND STREET FIGHTS I'D HAVE TO COUNT MY WELTS TO REMEMBER HOW MANY.

HMPF. FIRST TIME TODAY THE COPS BEAT ME TO ONE.

NEVER DID GET TO CALL MARY JANE.

I GUESS SHE'S GOTTEN USED TO THAT.

WREEEOOORWEOOOORWEEE!

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I HAVEN'T BEEN OUT OF COSTUME LONG ENOUGH TO SHOWER IN A DOG'S DAY.

I FEEL LIKE I ALMOST CROSSED SOME DARK LINE TONIGHT--

--LIKE I WAS TRYING TO FIGHT AND PUNCH MYSELF SOMEWHERE--IF I ONLY KNEW WHERE THAT PLACE WAS.

I WONDER IF I STILL HAVE A **JOB** AS A PHOTOGRAPHER?

I BETTER CHANGE TO **PETER PARKER**, TAKE SOME SHOTS, AND HOPE I CAN **SELL** THEM.

SOON...

HOLD IT, BUDDY. CRIME SCENE.

I'M PRESS. BUGLE.

OKAY, GO ON IN. BUT I DOUBT YOU'LL WANT TO TAKE PICTURES.

WHAT HAPPENED?

A MURDER. HOW IRONIC, JUST WHAT I NEED--!

THE MORE REPULSIVE THE CRIME, THE BETTER CHANCE I HAVE TO SELL MY SHOTS.

A MURDER. YOU'LL SEE.

I CAN'T GO BACK UP THERE, JACK. I JUST CAN'T.

CAREFUL, KID, DON'T LOOK TOO CLOSE, YOU MIGHT GET **SICK**.

HEY, I'M NO **ROOKIE**-- OH LORD.

BET YOU DIDN'T KNOW ONE BODY HAD SO MUCH BLOOD IN IT, *EH*, KID?

WHAT HAPPENED?

THE WRITING'S ALL OVER THE WALL, KID.

CLICK CLICK

HE CALLS ME "KID" ONCE MORE, I *POP* HIM ONE.

LOOK AT THIS-- SOMEBODY TOOK THIS GUY *APART*.

EH, DON'T CRY TOO HARD FOR 'IM.

READ THE STOLEN RAP SHEETS--THIS CREEP HAD QUITE A HISTORY.

HE MOVED FROM TOWN TO TOWN JUST TO SEDUCE WOMEN AND BEAT THEM UP.

EVEN *MARRIED* A FEW OF THEM. EVEN *KILLED* A FEW.

HARD TO BELIEVE HE WAS EVER OUT OF A *CELL*.

CLICK CLICK

HEY, *JERK*, NO PICTURES!

SO WHAT IS THIS--A *REVENGE* KILLING?

YUP, I GUESS. BUT IT'S THE THIRD ONE THIS WEEK, SO IT'S A *SERIAL* JOB. I'D LIKE TO KNOW HOW THE KILLER GOT HOLD OF OUR *POLICE* FILES.

LOOKS LIKE THIS SICKO IS ONLY KILLING MEN WHO *ABUSE* WOMEN.

HEY, BUDDY, WANNA QUESTION THE WITNESS AGAIN?

SHE'S A CUTE LITTLE VAGRANT, *EH*?

SHE'S *NUTS* IS WHAT SHE IS. CLAIMS SHE SAW THE KILLER AND IT WAS A *GIRL*. LIKE A *WOMAN* COULDA REALLY DONE THIS KINDA DAMAGE TO A *MAN*. SHE'S HALLUCINATING.

LET'S BRING THAT BABE IN FOR VAGRANCY. *HEH-HEH*.

YOU GUYS ARE JUST *FULL* OF JOKES TODAY. WHAT'S THE MATTER-- *NERVOUS*? GOT SOME-THING TO *HIDE*?

MAYBE WIFE-BEATERS DESERVE A BRUTAL DEATH, HUH? HOW'RE YOU BOYS TREATIN' *YOUR* WIVES THESE DAYS, *HMMM*...?

YOU SHUT UP.

MISS?

ARE YOU THE WITNESS? THE ONE WHO CALLED THE *POLICE*?

YES. I HEARD THE SCREAMS. I SAW IT ALL...THROUGH THE WALL.

ARE YOU OKAY?

THEY THINK I'M *LYING*. THEY THINK I'M *CRAZY*.

THERE WAS A *HOLE* IN THE WALL...I SAW... *EVERYTHING!*

...THAT *WOMAN*, SHE WAS SO... *CONFIDENT*, AND ...SHE READ OFF THOSE PAPERS...

ABOUT HOW HE HAD *HURT* HIS GIRL-FRIEND, HOW HE *HIT* HER IN THE *FACE*...

AND THEN, THE LADY, SHE HIT *HIM* IN THE FACE! SHE WENT THROUGH A *LIST*, EYE FOR AN EYE...

A *PUNCH* FOR EVERY PUNCH...THERE WAS SO MUCH... *BLOOD* ...OMIGOD, I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

I HATED HIM, SHE SAID HE *ABUSED* SO MANY WOMEN! BUT *SHE* WAS JUST AS *SCARY*... AND SHE WAS *DRESSED* SO...

OH, GOD...

Uh...YOU SEEM LIKE A NICE GIRL--CAN I ASK WHAT YOU WERE *DOING* IN THIS KIND OF...HOTEL?

I'M NOT THE KIND OF WOMAN THOSE COPS THINK I AM! I'M NOT!

I JUST GOT OFF A *BUS*...FROM WISCONSIN...I HAVE NO FRIENDS HERE, NO JOB YET...

POOR GIRL. I SHOULD...*NO*. I--I CAN'T GET INVOLVED.

THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT I'M TRYING TO GET *AWAY* FROM...BUT SHE'S SO *HELPLESS*...

HEY! YOU KNOW, YOU SHOULD *TALK* TO SOMEONE, AND I KNOW JUST THE PERSON.

MY WIFE! MARY JANE, SHE'S *GREAT* TO TALK TO--HEY, WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU HAD A GOOD *HOME-COOKED* MEAL?

OH, IT'S BEEN SO LONG! OH, REALLY?

YOU'LL LOVE MY WIFE! I'LL GIVE YOU OUR PHONE NUMBER...

OH, THANK YOU SO MUCH!

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

MARY...

LATER...

MARY JANE!

HONEY?

SHE'S OUT.

WELL, THERE'S NO TIME TO WAIT AROUND. I HAVE A KILLER TO HUNT.

JI 12:35

GEEZ, SERIAL KILLING IS SO COMMON--IT'S LIKE IT'S A FAD AMONG SICKOS.

BLAST! NO CLEAN COSTUMES, AND THIS ONE'S SO TORN IT'S USELESS.

ONE OF MARY JANE'S SPANDEX T-SHIRTS SHOULD HELP PATCH IT.

SORRY, MJ.

BETTER HIT THE MESSAGE MACHINE--SHE MAY HAVE LEFT ME ONE.

:BEEP: PLEASE CALL ME, PETER, I COULDN'T SLEEP ALL NIGHT, JUST LET ME KNOW YOU'RE OKAY, OKAY? I'M WORRIED!

I'LL BRING HOME DINNER FOR US TONIGHT, PLEASE TRY AND MAKE IT...

THERE, THAT'S THE WORST RIPS.

FEEL ROTTEN ABOUT NEGLECTING MJ LATELY--I EVEN WONDER IF I INVITED THAT GIRL TO DINNER NOT SO MUCH TO HELP HER BUT TO KEEP MY WIFE COMPANY...?

CLICK

UH...MJ, I'M FINE...TRY NOT TO WORRY! I'LL BE HOME TONIGHT, AND WE HAVE A DINNER GUEST, TOO, OKAY?

NOW TO FIND THIS EYE-FOR-AN-EYE, MAN-HATING VIGILANTE!

ELSEWHERE...

YELLOW ONES... BLUE ONES...

THE RED ONES, THE PINK ONES.

THREE TIMES A DAY, TWO TIMES A DAY, PINK ONES IN THE MORNING, BLUE ONES AT NIGHT...

I HATE PILLS!

GOOD. HAVEN'T TAKEN THEM IN DAYS, ANYWAY.

AND I FEEL GREAT!

OH, LOOK. MY ART SUPPLIES!

OH, I LOVE TO DRAW...

HEY! WHO DID THESE?! OH, THEY'RE HORRIBLE!

THESE AREN'T MY DRAWINGS!

AND... OMIGOD...

WHAT'S THIS?!

WHO PUT A GUN IN MY SUITCASE?

UGH!

THK

SKSK

WHAT'S ALL THIS? SOME KIND OF COMPUTER PRINTOUTS?

THEY LOOK LIKE POLICE FILES...

CASES... ALL MEN WHO BEAT WOMEN!

THIS GUY IS BELIEVED TO HAVE KILLED TWO GIRLS!

THE COURTS COULDN'T HOLD HIM... SO MANY OF THESE MEN ARE OUT FREE!

SOME WERE NEVER EVEN TRIED, THEY ALL ESCAPE JUSTICE!

HOW HORRIBLE.

OH, THIS MAN IS THE WORST...

"...FIRST VICTIM FOUND STRANGLED WITH HER OWN STOCKINGS..."

"SECOND MURDERED GIRL SHOT WITH A HIGH-POWERED RIFLE WHILE SHE SAT WATCHING TELEVISION..."

AND THEY COULDN'T PROVE A THING. HE'S FREE.

THIS AWFUL MAN, LIVING HAPPILY AT... 1240 WEST SEVENTY-SIXTH STREET...

WHY DOESN'T... SOMEONE... DO SOMETHING ABOUT HIM?

LATER...

WINE, CANDLES, EXPENSIVE TAKE-OUT...

--FOLD THE LITTLE NAPKINS, SET THE TABLE, GET DRESSED UP...

AND FOR *WHAT?*

SO PETER CAN STAND ME UP, *AGAIN.*

WAITING. WAITING WAITING *WAITING.*

I *HATE* WAITING.

I LOOK *GREAT,* TOO--WHAT A *WASTE.*

WELL, DINNER'S COLD. LET'S SEE, SHALL I MAKE BETS WITH MYSELF AS TO HOW MANY HOURS *LATE* PETER WILL BE? AND JUST HOW CREATIVE HIS BILLION *EXCUSES* WILL BE?

THAT SHOULD LIVEN UP THE EVENING.

BRRING

OH, NO. THE MYSTERIOUS DINNER GUEST. *PLEASE* DON'T BE A BORE.

HELLO? MARY JANE PARKER? THIS IS *MARY WALKER*... UHM... YOUR *HUSBAND*...INVITED ME TO DINNER? BUT I'M *LOST*...

A GIRL! HEY, I COULD USE A GOOD GIRL-TO-GIRL CHAT. MAYBE SHE'LL BE FUN!

WHERE ARE YOU, HONEY?

OH!...UHM...I CAN SEE LOTS OF NEON AND LIGHTS...AND ONE SIGN SAYS BROADWAY...

TIMES SQUARE?

UH, OKAY, I SEE A CAB NOW...

MARY JANE? I *SO* LOOK FORWARD TO MEETING YOU--

I HAVEN'T HAD ANY GOOD *GIRL TALK* IN *AGES*...

SOON...

HI! MARY? COME ON IN--

OMIGOD.

COME IN? WHY NOT?

I-- AREN'T YOU--?

LITTLE GIRL--THE NAME ISN'T *MARY*--IT'S **TYPHOID.**

SMELLS *SINFULLY* GOOD! COOKING FOR YOUR LITTLE HUBBY?

OOOO, FOOD'S *COLD*, WHERE'S YOUR *MAN*, SWEETHEART?

STAND YOU UP *AGAIN*? HE OUT *PROWLING* SOMEPLACE?

MY MY, SIGH SIGH, THE LIFE OF A WIFE--

WAITING, WAITING, *WAITING*.

NO, THAT'S NOT TRUE--!

POOR LITTLE MISS HOMEMAKER WIFEY-POO--

I'LL BET YOU HAVE *HIS* AND *HER* TOWELS AND MONOGRAMMED PILLOWS...

...I BET YOU *IRON* HIS *UNDERWEAR*--

I DO NOT!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR *GAME* IS, LADY--BUT MY HUSBAND COOKS AND CLEANS AS MUCH AS I DO...

I'M *FAR* FROM SOME PATHETIC EXPLOITED SLAVE WIFE--I'M A...I HAVE A *CAREER*, I'M INDEPENDENT! HOW DARE YOU *STRUT* IN HERE AND--

NOW DON'T RAISE YOUR *HACKLES*, WIFEY-POO!

YOUR *PETER-HUSBAND*, WHO'S AWFULLY *HANDSOME*, IS THE ONE WHO INVITES *WOMEN* HOME SO *YOU* CAN COOK FOR THEM, RIGHT?

DON'T YOU HAVE A GUEST COMING *TONIGHT*? TABLE'S SET FOR *THREE*!

PETER AND I HAVE JUST *BEGUN* TO GET TO *KNOW* EACH OTHER, BY THE WAY...

AND YOU'RE REAL *CUTE*, BUT NEXT TO *ME*--

--YOU'RE ABOUT AS SEXY AS A *NUN* IN A *BROTHEL*...

...SO LET'S *TOAST* TO *FIDELITY*!

BOTTOMS-UP TO *DOMESTICITY*!

GIVE IT UP, *CINDERELLA*! TIME TO STOP WAITING FOR THE WARTY OLD *TOAD PRINCE* TO KISS YOU AWAKE!

OKAY, LITTLE MISS-RED RIDING-SNOW WHITE-BO-PEEP-SLEEPING BEAUTY-MUFFET-*CHUMP*?

LET *TYPHOID* KISS YOU AWAKE!

I--I THINK SHE'S GONE. THANK GOD.

HOW DOES PETER *KNOW* HER? WHY DID SHE *COME* HERE?

HE'S NEVER *HOME*--ALWAYS OUT PROWLING THE *STREET*! WHAT IS HE DOING TO OUR *LIFE*?!

SHORTLY...

MARY JANE! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

WHAT HAPPENED HERE?

OH, PETER! THIS HORRIBLE WOMAN--SHE CALLED HERSELF TYPHOID--SHE JUST TORE OUR HOME APART IN A WHIRLWIND!

PETER, SHE LAUGHED AT ME, LAUGHED AT OUR MARRIAGE...

EASY, C'MERE, CALM DOWN, HONEY.

LISTEN, THERE'S A NEW VIGILANTE IN TOWN, A MURDERER, A WOMAN WHO HATES MEN...

IT COULD HAVE BEEN HER, BUT WHY DID SHE COME HERE?

SHE ONLY ATTACKS MEN WHO ABUSE WOMEN...

LISTEN, MARY JANE, GO RIGHT TO AUNT MAY'S AND STAY THERE!

BUT PETER, WHAT ABOUT THAT OTHER GIRL? SHE CALLED ABOUT DINNER, AND SHE'S COMING...!

I BETTER WAIT HERE FOR HER, AND TAKE HER WITH ME!

THAT'S IT! THE KILLER WANTS TO TAKE OUT THE ONLY WITNESS --MARY! BUT THE QUESTION REMAINS--HOW'D SHE KNOW TO COME HERE?

ALL RIGHT, BUT DON'T WAIT LONG! I'LL GO TRACK THIS TYPHOID CREATURE.

PETER...LISTEN, DARLING--I KNOW YOU BETTER THAN ANYONE IN THE WORLD.

I'VE LEARNED THAT ONE OF THE DILEMMAS OF A HERO IS THAT EVEN THOUGH YOU'VE GOT TO THINK LIKE THE CRIMINAL TO CATCH HIM, YOU CAN'T BECOME LIKE HIM.

I'M WORRIED ABOUT HOW MUCH TIME YOU'RE SPENDING OUT THERE...

MARY JANE...

...SOMETIMES I CAN'T BE AROUND YOU BECAUSE YOU KNOW ME SO WELL... DOES THAT MAKE ANY SENSE?

DON'T WORRY, IT'LL ALL BE OKAY.

I LOVE YOU...

I BETTER GO NOW ...AND FIND HER...

ELSEWHERE...

HMMM, NICE JOINT.

STINKS LIKE LAST YEAR'S COWBOY.

WOW--LOOK AT *HER!* I'D LIKE TO HELP *THAT* THROUGH THE FENCE LOOK AT THOSE

HUBBA HUBBA HUBBA! I'D LOVE TO SPEND SOME QUAL

C'MERE, *BAY-BEE!* I'D LIKE A HANDFUL A' THAT--

HELLO, BOYS.

HMMM, *PLASTERED* LITTLE BUNCH OF BEEFCAKES...

LET ME GUESS... YOUR NAME IS *JACK DANIELS*...

HE'S *JIM BEAM*...

...AND *YOU* MUST BE *JOHNNIE WALKER.*

ISN'T THAT SWEET, YOU BOYS ARE *DRUNK* ON YOUR *OWN NAMES.*

LET'S SEE, HOW SHALL I PICK?

EENIE, MEANIE, MINEY MOE...

...WHICH PRINCE CHARMING DO I TURN INTO A *TOAD*--

TAKE ME, I'M ALL YOURS!

YOU LOOK LIKE NINE MILES A'BAD ROAD, SWEETHEART.

AND YOU, SWEETHEART, LOOK LIKE YOU PUT THE KINKS IN KINKY--

UMBA-UMBA-UMBA--

WHAT'S A RIDE WITH YOU GONNA COST ME?

DEPENDS ON HOW LONG YOU CAN HOLD ON.

WHERE IS SHE?

SHE CAN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR-- UH-OH, WHAT WAS THAT SCREAM?

KRSHSHK

WHAT A BUNCH OF GREENHORNS--

--THOSE BRONCOS NEVER GOT OUTTA THE GATE.

NO CHARGE THIS TIME, COWBOYS!

STOP!
TYPHOID, I PRESUME?
STRANGE, YOU DON'T DRESS LIKE A MAN-HATER.
WHO, ME?
--WITH MORE THAN THEIR HEARTS BROKEN, SUGAR.
I LOVE MEN THAT ARE PLAYERS, BUT THEY JUST WEREN'T.
MAYBE YOU ARE?
SILLY BOY-- I LOVE MEN!
I NEED YOU GUYS LIKE A PINBALL MACHINE NEEDS QUARTERS.
YEAH? IS THAT WHY THERE'S A LITTER OF MEN IN THE STREET?
OOOO, BEAUTIFUL DOOGE, REDMAN!
COME'RE. LET ME LOOK AT YOU.
BET YOU'RE THE KIND OF GUY THAT WOULD NEVER HIT A GIRL.
HMMM?
BOOT!
I CAN'T BELIEVE I FELL FOR THAT CHEAP TRICK.
AND HOW DID SHE BYPASS MY SPIDER-SENSE?!
YOU'RE RIGHT, TYPHOID--I DON'T HIT WOMEN.

CKRAK

SERIAL KILLERS--THAT'S ANOTHER STORY!

--HOW 'BOUT A ONE-TWO!

AND AS LONG AS YOU'RE DOWN--

WOMP

OH, GOD, HOW COULD YOU--IT HURTS SO MUCH...

YOU'RE JUST LIKE THE REST, A LITTLE BOY ON A POWER TRIP...

I...I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T WANT TO HURT YOU...

BUT AREN'T YOU THE ONE OUT THERE BEATING UP MEN?

WHY ARE YOU SO ANGRY AT THEM?

POW

I TOLD YOU, SILLY--I ADORE MEN!

EXCEPT THE CHUMPS, THAT IS.

I HAVE A CERTAIN POWER OF PERSUASION. YOU MIGHT EVEN CALL IT PSYCHIC--

ALL RIGHT, LADY. THAT'S IT FOR YOUR FAKE FEMININE WILES AND GAMES.

THOMP

NO MORE GAMES? TOO BAD--

--I LIKE GAMES!

STOP IT!

SPIDER-SENSE TINGLES, WHY?

SHE'S LEVITATING THINGS--OF COURSE, PSIONICS! SHE'S A TELEPATH, A TELEKINETIC!

WHO IS THIS WOMAN? WHAT ROCK DID SHE CRAWL OUT FROM UNDER?

WHAT'S YOUR GIG, GIRL? YOU SAY YOU LOVE MEN--

I LOVE THEM TO FIGHT OVER ME!

--BUT YOU STIR THEM UP TO DISTRACTION? WHAT ARE YOU, JUST A TROUBLEMAKER, A TEASE?

SOMETHING WRONG WITH THAT?

WHAM

ARE YOU THE ONE KILLING MEN?

NO! I DIDN'T DO THAT!

BLAST! SHOULD HAVE EVADED THAT.

WHATEVER THAT POWER OF HERS IS-- SHE'S MESSING WITH MY MIND--!

CRIPES, NOW SHE'S MAD.

MAD TELEKINETICS ARE A PAIN.

HMMM. TIME TO SWITCH TACTICS. LET HER THINK SHE WON--

--AND FOLLOW HER.

WHY IS IT THAT EVERY TIME I HEAR ABOUT THAT VIGILANTE WOMAN, IT SOUNDS SO FAMILIAR?

COULD MARY HAVE DONE IT? THAT SNIVELING LITTLE PIECE OF FEMALE FLUFF?

NO, SHE CAN'T EVEN LIFT HER OWN VOICE, HOW COULD SHE KILL ANYONE? BESIDES, SHE'S GONE, TYPHOID'S IN CHARGE NOW.

GOTTA RUN...

BUT WHY... WHY AM I RUNNING THIS WAY... FOR WHAT REASON?

LOOK AT HER. SO CONFUSED--

--SHE SWITCHES PERSONALITIES SO FAST SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHO SHE IS.

LOOKS LIKE A CASE FOR DOCTOR KAFKA.

TYPHOID'S IN CHARGE...

TYPHOID'S...IN... CHARGE...

LOOKS LIKE SHE'S OUT OF--

TYPHOID...

WHAT THE--?!

DON'T TELL ME--

"--SHE'S GOT ANOTHER IDENTITY!"

WHO'S NEXT ON MY LIST?

SEVENTY-SIXTH STREET...YES, YOU LIVE HERE, DON'T YOU.

AND I SEE THE PERFECT PERCH FOR YOUR WINDOW.

SOON...

THERE YOU ARE.

OWNER OF SEVERAL PENTHOUSES AND EVEN MORE FALSE NAMES.

LET'S SEE, JACK MORRAY... HMMM, PERFECT KISMET. YOU KILLED ONE WOMAN WHILE SHE WATCHED TV... AND THERE YOU SIT.

SO YOU SHALL DIE AS SHE DIED.

"JACK BE NIMBLE, JACK BE QUICK...

"JUMP RIGHT OVER THE CANDLESTICK...

"EYE FOR AN EYE.

"BRUISE BY BRUISE."

SHOT BY SHOT--

CKRK

ZING-PKKUSH

WHAT THE HECK--?!

YOU RUINED MY *SHOT!*

THAT *WAS* THE IDEA.

I THINK YOU NEED *HELP, TYPHOID.*

WHAT'S A TYPHOID?

I HAVE NO TIME FOR THIS. I HAVE A JOB TO DO.

HATE TO SCREW UP YOUR BUZZ, BUT SO DO I.

DON'T MESS WITH MY MISSION, LITTLE GUY.

THAT *MAN* YOU JUST LET ESCAPE DEATH IS A *WOMAN-KILLER.*

AND YOU'RE A *MAN-KILLER.* WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

KRAK

THAT *SAME KICK* LAST TIME REDUCED HER TO *TEARS--*

--THIS TIME, IF SHE *FEELS* PAIN, SHE SURE ISN'T *SHOWING* IT.

GIVE IT UP, LADY!

YOU'RE **NOT** GETTING AWAY--

WOW. MY SENSES ARE GOING **NUTS**. I **SAW** HER TRANSFORM-- IT'S THE **SAME GIRL**, BUT SHE'S A DIFFERENT PERSON!

SHE **MOVES** DIFFERENT, **LOOKS** AND **ACTS** DIFFERENT...

CRIPES, DO **I** CHANGE THAT MUCH WHEN I PUT ON A COSTUME?

YOU GOT A **WIFE**, BUDDY? A **GIRL**?

HOW DO YOU **TREAT** HER, HUH?

IS SHE HOME **WAITING** FOR YOU WHILE YOU PROVE YOUR **MANHOOD** IN STUPID WAYS IN A STUPID SUIT?

IS SHE?

KRAK

YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO JUDGE **MEN**, OR ANYONE ELSE.

LOOK, BUDDY, THIS IS **WAR**.

READ THIS! READ ABOUT THAT GUY YOU JUST SAVED! HE'S A **KILLER**!

ALL WOMEN ARE POLITICAL PRISONERS. THE LAWS OF THE PATRIARCH DO NO JUSTICE FOR MY GENDER!

WHAT SHOULD WE DO, **WAIT** FOR THINGS TO CHANGE, LIKE **CINDERELLA**?

BLOODY MARY NEVER WAITS!

I'M **SORRY** IF YOU'VE **SUFFERED**, MARY--

--BUT WHAT **YOU'RE** DOING--

--IS **NOT** THE ANSWER!

WHAT IS THIS STUFF HE BINDS ME WITH?

BURN IT OFF!

BURN, AND FEEL NO PAIN.

FOOOOOSH

UH-OH. SHE'S A PYRO-KINETIC SCHIZOPHRENIC FEMINIST KILLER--

--IN OTHER WORDS, A MOUTHFUL.

BLAST! CAN'T CHASE HER, HAVE TO DEAL WITH THIS FIRE FIRST!

FWIP

NO MATTER, I'LL TRACK HER LATER WITH MY SPIDER TRACER!

WEBBING SHOULD KILL THE FIRE'S OXYGEN SUPPLY.

BUT BY THE TIME I'M DONE, SHE'LL BE BLOCKS AWAY.

DONE.

WELL, SHE'S GOTTA BE BURNT, BRUISED, EXHAUSTED, IN BAD SHAPE...

EVEN A WARRIOR LIKE HER MUST REST *SOMETIME.*

I'LL KEEP TRACKING HER-- *PREVENT* ANY MORE BLOODSHED.

BUT, FOR WHAT, TO STOP HER? MAYBE THE ROTTEN MEN SHE HUNTS *DESERVE* HER KIND OF JUSTICE?

WHAT A WOMAN.

I'M SO LUCKY TO HAVE MARY JANE; A *SANE,* HEALTHY, KIND *LOVING* WOMAN.

I WONDER IF THAT GIRL EVER SHOWED UP TO DINNER, THAT MARY WALKER...

MARY WALKER... TYPHOID MARY... AND NOW BLOODY MARY?

MARY WALKER JUST *HAPPENS* TO BE AT THAT CRIME SCENE... TYPHOID SHOWS UP AT OUR APARTMENT --

MY GOD... THEY'RE *ALL* THE SAME PERSON!

AND SHE KNOWS OUR ADDRESS! SHE'S ALREADY *BEEN* THERE-- SHE *COULD* COME BACK AT ANY *TIME!*

IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO *MJ*--OR ANYONE ELSE-- THEIR BLOOD WILL BE ON *MY* HEAD!

NEXT: SPIDEY MUST SAVE MARY FROM... HERSELF?!